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AUGUST 26, 1919.

PAYING THE KAISER'S WAGES.

Democracy is not so rampant in revolutionized Germany that the national assembly cannot gravely receive and give consideration to a bill to reimburse William Hohenzollern to the extent of \$42,500,000 "as a total settlement for the civil list he lost by forced abdication." The merest respectful recognition of this bill or anything similar implies somewhat forcibly that the German people have lost their sense of humor or common sense completely, perhaps both, unless the bill itself is put forward as an example of quiet humor.

The offhand popular opinion in other countries would be that in this attractive day of widespread opportunities and democracy a genius of Wilhelm's grade would welcome the freedom from the fetters of royalty and aristocratic intrigue, laid on top of the many millions he has cashed in several safe places, this \$42,500,000 adds uselessly to a sum already so large that at this age Wilhelm could not spend a tenth of it in legitimate ways, and if he purposes illegitimate waste of it in paths of political darkness he would be incalculably better without. And so would the German people, whether they are revolutionary or unregenerate.

What, for instance, can Wilhelm, said to be broken in spirit and shattered in health, want with such a pile of millions? He cannot spend it in travel, for he does not dare to move about Europe and probably would be no more amicably received in Asia, while Africa is too far from the line of communication.

But if this bill to pay the former kaiser such a huge sum of money to be taken from the people still experiencing the pangs of hunger is not a piece of German humor, it illustrates a rather complete loss of German sense. There is a possibility also that another alternative exists—that, after all, the German people have suffered through Wilhelm, they still have a sneaking reverential affection for him, and contempt for themselves.

ABOLISH ARMY SERFDOM.

Brig. Gen. Samuel T. Ansell, formerly judge advocate general of the army, and the man who exposed the injustice of the American court-martial system, says:

"We will never fight another war successfully unless congress radically changes the methods of organization and discipline in the army; and this applies particularly to the court-martial system."

The American public has learned a good deal in the last few months about the practical working of the present system. A sincere effort seems to have been made by the army authorities, since the armistice was signed, to mitigate the severity of the sentences imposed during the war. It has been impossible, however, to remedy all the injustice under the present mode of procedure. Thousands of the undeserved sentences were already served, in whole or part, before the reviewing court got around to them. Many of the wrongs cannot be righted under the present law. And it is a significant commentary on the system that Gen. Ansell, was not able to accomplish his reform work within the organization, but had to leave the army to do it. Gen. Ansell adds:

"The whole system is out of tune with our democratic government. Our military code was taken bodily from that of the British back in 1774; and the British in turn took theirs from old times when the soldier was but a serf."

"The British have revised that old code until there is little left of it. But we, in free America, have kept it substantially as in the days of the 18th century. As a result, too many soldiers are tried who ought not to be tried at all. Too many are tried on charges that as a matter of fact do not specify any offense known to the articles of war. Too many are tried on flimsy evidence. Too many are tried by officers not properly qualified to pass judgment, because they do not know anything about law. Too many have sentences imposed on them absurdly out of proportion to their offenses."

The public agrees with Gen. Ansell that "our soldiers are not serfs, but citizens," and that congress ought to make it impossible hereafter to repeat the wrongs under which supposedly free Americans have suffered in this war of freedom, as members of an army supposedly the freest on earth. Additionally we might anticipate that perhaps the interest of Gen. Ansell, and numerous others of our military friends, long on having every mother's son raised "to be a soldier," are discovering that the American army practice has given the American people a horror of militarism quite as effectively as did the militarism of the boche. They would like to smooth it over now by making a "gent" of the court-martials.

What are they going to do with those American soldiers, however, who got enough of it, without ever seeing a court-martial; were obedient, loyal, kept sober, attended to business, and would still prefer prison, in the absence of imperative duty, to going through it again? Without complaining of their treatment, but that they were fed and clothed as well as they could expect, the circumstance of

army movements, distances, etc., considered, mighty few of them are bragging about the loveliness of their military experience—and most of them say: "It's discipline be damned."

LAW—COURTESY—EFFICIENCY.

A troubled apartment house dweller writes to his paper to inquire about the legal rights of third-floor occupants. He says in part:

"Can the wife shake a dustcloth into the air off the back porch without being subject to arrest and fine? How about a dust mop? Can she sweep the porch off, or must she gather the dirt and dispose of it some other way? Can she hang rugs out to air without beating them—that is, on the porch railing? It seems that every time she turns around the woman downstairs threatens arrest. Have we any rights as a third-floor tenant?"

In this particular case city ordinances provided that "no carpet, cloth, etc., shall be beaten or hung where parties therefrom will pass into any occupied premises." The third floor tenants were outside their legal rights.

They were even more out of bounds when common decency and community interest are considered. If there had been a fourth floor family as grossly indifferent and careless about their house-cleaning activities, the third floors would undoubtedly have been prompt in offering objections and threats.

It is not only very inconsiderate to shake dust and dirt into the open doors and windows and onto the porches of one's neighbors; it is also a proof of bad housekeeping methods. The efficient housewife, even in a one-family house, with a yard of her own separating her from her neighbors, does not shake dust out of her windows in these days. There are cleaner, more permanent ways of disposing of dust and dirt.

CUBAN ELECTION REFORMS.

The Cuban election laws have been overhauled and completely rewritten, and an American has done it; not however an Indian.

Maj. Gen. Crowder, who was provost marshal general of the United States army during the war, and who handled the draft, was invited to the island for this purpose by the Cuban government. He spent four months there, and seems to have done a thorough job.

He took the election machinery out of the hands of the political parties, as some of our states have done, and put it in charge of the judiciary, giving the party organizations representation but no votes. He established a strict corrupt practices act and made it possible for any aggrieved person to get a square deal in an election dispute. He brought all political organizations under statutory regulation, arranged for a census of voters and originated a plan whereby every voter will carry an identification card entitling him to vote without registration.

Having returned to this country, Gen. Crowder might profitably devote his attention to extending the reforms he has inaugurated in Cuba. There is hardly one of them that might not be adopted to advantage by some of our states. That identification device would probably make a hit with the average American voter, wearied of much registering, and might result in a better turn-out on election day.

If that "actors" strike lasts long, it may be a knock-out blow to the "legitimate" theater business. Theater-going is only a habit—and with the movie houses all open, the public may get out of the habit of patronizing the others.

Why not government regulation of tips, too? In many restaurants a patron has to tip a waiter nearly as much as the food bill amounts to, if he wants to get anything to eat.

The actors have gone on strike in New York and Chicago, but as yet they have not backed the United States government to take over the theater industry.

They're using bottles of milk to christen airplanes. And there's a certain fitness in that, for wasn't it a cow that jumped over the moon?

Chicago delicately calls its landlord profiteers "rent hogs." Wonder what it calls its packers.

Other Editors Than Ours

LAYING THE FOUNDATION.

(By A. M. Simons)

The League of Nations is the only possible, the only proposed foundation upon which to reorganize a chaotic world. It may be imperfect. It is the result of compromises between more than a score of nations; between imperialism and idealism; between international financiers and international labor; between all the conflicting forces of more than a thousand years of European history, plus the Orient and the Americas.

It is almost as imperfect as was the constitution of the United States when adopted. It too was a series of compromises. It was so neglectful of human rights that it was necessary immediately to amend it by the introduction of the whole bill of rights. It was so indefinite and impractical that it conferred powers upon the supreme court of which its founders never dreamed and provided for an entirely unworkable plan of electing the highest official.

Yet that imperfect constitution prevented domestic violence, foreign conquest and a perpetual balkanization of America.

The League of Nations is the only thing to prevent domestic chaos and violence in a score of states and international violence for years to come. After these things, if not now, will come a League of Nations. Why not now? Amendment is easier than war and revolution.

The League is the one hope of a war-sick world. Weak or strong no other solution has been suggested. The tall-candle and stage coach talkers in the senate and elsewhere who babbled of "minding our own business" avoiding entangling alliances, "keeping out from Europe," and similar antediluvian bromides are not suggesting alternatives. Until we swap the airplane for the sailing packet, tear down the wings, cut the cables, abolish international trade and return to the whole mechanical and industrial age of Washington, such maxims do not apply.

Even if all else were evil the labor sections alone would make the League worth fighting for. These sections, all reference to which is avoided by the pretentiously radical, really pro-bolshevik and partially pro-German press, offers so safe a road for social progress as to make sure that all travelling will be diverted from the rubber-infested and quicksand bed of bolshevism.

This section lays the foundation of the League for which labor has asked. It introduces the power of organized labor into all international relations. In so doing it places labor where its efforts to prevent war will not be empty mournings as they were in 1914.

A. M. SIMONS.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

THE ACTORS' STRIKE.

Two gray haired parents sit in tears amid the gathering gloom;

A whiskered sheriff knocked without—he's come to take their home.

He holds a mortgage in his hand, which, back in '17

The couple placed upon the farm to buy a limousine.

And now the crop of hay has failed the price of gas is high,

And there is nothing left for them but kiss the place good-bye.

But hold! the wayward son walks in—he's just about to cough

The money that is requisite to pay the mortgage off—

Alas! the finish of the play must still be left in doubt

A walking delegate appears and calls the hero out!

A flaxen headed little child is playing in the lane, The villain, whom her fond mamma once spurned with deep disdain,

To reap his devilish revenge, abducts the tiny maid

And ties her to the railroad track. Will no one come to aid?

Yes! we hear the train approach but with a prunning knife

A farmer comes to cut the rope and save the baby's life.

Will there be time? Our hearts stand still; the engine throbs and hums

The ten-wheeled messenger of death each second nearer comes—

But ah! we never shall know what the denoument was like

For just before the train appears the baby joins the strike!

The hat check girl when tempted by the rich and aged rake

Says rags are royal raiment when they're worn for virtue's sake,

But when he buys the restaurant and throws her from her job,

And she has starved for three long weeks she murmurs with a sob:

"Ah me! forever must I face privation and despair,

I'm going to the river side and drown myself! So there!"

And does she carry out her threat? Does not your gentleman

Who hears her threat show up in time to thwart her awful plan?

Who knows? The hapless maiden's end must always be uncertain

She joins the Actor's Equity before the final curtain!

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The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

Admiral Cary N. Grayson, personal physician to Pres' Wilson, always seems to have a tough time of it.

I may not have ketched them all I want to go another fall But the fishes up in northern Wis. Will be more careful after this.

I showed them tricks they never knew From early morn till evening's dew I spooned and cast them, right and left And made funny families sore bereft.

This greeting must not be long drawn I only left enough to spann I surely hope to go again Here's Hallelujah also amen. NELS.

The admiral is about the only man in the United States that hasn't been out on a strike yet this year, but we don't know as we blame him much at that—if we had his job!

We have Niles to thank for two things—our new business manager and the Niles Barber.

Our friend's latest song will probably bring the tears to the eyes of some of the trade, but we print it regardless. We have lost the title, but believe it must be "The Missing Beer Receipt."

Where as in former days I roamed You can't tell where or when There's nothing ever thrilled before Like living in the Bend.

Eradicating from the game The cocktails with the kick Has made a hit with creditors Who used to call me Dick.

It's nice to be a gallant though A real prohi-abstainer Until you strike a friend who knows You'd fall could you attain her? —The Niles Barber.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

A new modern telephone exchange is now being installed at The News-Times. The exchange is so new and so modern that you can't call a blamé soul on it, either way, thus far but we wish to assure creditors,

process servers, members of the Haul-Me-Home club, life insurance agents, fire insurance agents, men with the lumberjacks and those without, bakers, Tom Brandon, other large space buyers, Madame X, Chief Kline, shoe dealers we mean bootleggers, and the general public, that this exchange is guaranteed to be in good working order anyway by the first of the year, and that little or no trouble will be experienced in talking to us after that. Just now it is quicker to either write to us or walk over and see us rather than try to use this exchange.

Respectfully,

The Editor of The Tower.

Dr. J. W. Hill is the poitest man

in this town. We saw him get up and give his seat to two ladies in a picture show the other night.

Nelson Jones kicks in this morning with the following: The poem is sandwiched in between coffin estimates, tentative costs for flowers, etc., and here it is:

Dear Bill, he of the homely legs

Your humble servant kindly begs

To say his fishing trip is through

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

Come and See Us

McCall October Patterns and October Fashion Sheets are here.



Hosiery in Fall Styles

—from staple lines well known for their durability and their tastefulness

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